

Pub Shop

buck's rock work camp

201

sketchbook 1943-1962







The contents of SKETCHBOOK and its production  
was done entirely by campers in various shops  
at BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD CONN.



## a message from ernst

Once again, we have to say Farewell to you and, at the same time, Farewell to Buck's Rock's twentieth summer.

You have written another chapter in the History of Buck's Rock, and, in doing it, you have gained as much as you have given.

Buck's Rock is the kind of place that stresses for you not so much the Pursuit of Happiness as to let you experience the Happiness of Pursuit. We hoped that you would regard the opportunity to commit yourself in thought and action as a welcome chance towards expressing and developing your personality. You did and in doing you fulfilled and, this year, surpasses our expectations. In addition, you discovered again that man's personality does not grow in isolation but in relation to other human beings.

You know, I am sure, that life on earth must be improved and you share the proud conviction that it is in our hands to do it. And whilst everyone's individual effort contributes, we can approach the goal only if we learn to strive for it together. Buck's Rock represents, in miniature, man's eternal effort to use his life for developing and expressing his unique personality and, at the same time and in concert with others, to make the world a better place for all.

Naomi Adelman wrote in the yearbook of 1956:

"I can't really say what is the most important les-



son Buck's Rock has to teach. I think though, that for me it has meant finding out who I am in this world. If not finding out what I'm here for, at least beginning to discover what I want to be here for. I have made discoveries about myself and about other people so that I can better see where I stand, I can better judge where I go from here, (and) I hope and I believe, that I am somewhat less an immature, dependent child than when I came here."

I think these words echo the feelings of many this summer.

At the same time, I trust that you all felt deeply the truth in John Donne's immortal words:

"No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls: it tolls for thee."

Although your summer at Buck's Rock will soon be a memory and although much you have enjoyed here you may not be able to take with you, you may be sure of this: All things once lived and enjoyed, though faded into the past they may be, can never be taken away from you.

Ernst







It is my privilege, as editor, to explain the meaning and purpose of Sketchbook.

We believed in the beginning, and feel even more firmly now, that the important aspects of camp are not the various activities. They are not only the diverse and numerous fields of endeavor available to the campers, but the campers themselves. Just as there is no sound without a hearer, there is no experience if it is not meaningful. For this reason we have changed the classical format of a yearbook, with its emphasis on the shop-activity-camp-events article, to a much more personalized, intimate collection of emotion and thought. We have encouraged people to describe their thoughts throughout the summer and to recount incidents which would not ordinarily be noted, because of their immediate and personal scope.

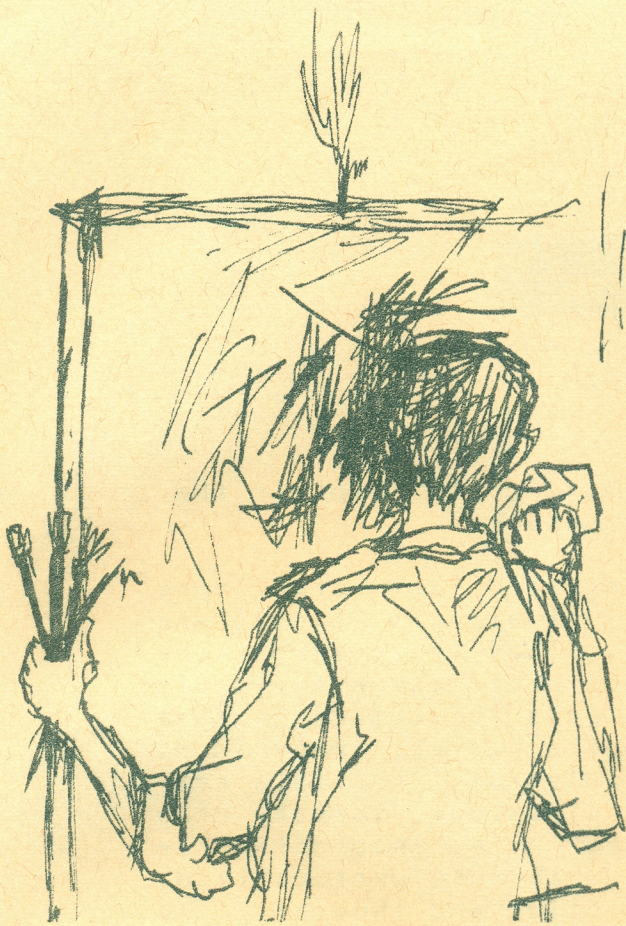
To obtain such sketches, personal conferences were held with many of the contributors, to discuss and thereby clarify their feelings. These were helpful both to them and to me, for through them I, for one, have gained a great deal of insight into people in general, camp, and myself.

Since this is the camp's 20th anniversary, we have attempted to gain a perspective on Buck's Rock through the years; both that which has changed and that which has remained constant, as a unifying force. The vehicle for achieving this goal is our use of quotes from past Yearbooks in opposition to our articles.

We hope that some of the insight and enjoyment that we have gained in its preparation is transmitted to you, the reader.

Liz Gelfand









Wandering about the circle of Buck's Rock shops the second day of camp, I stopped in front of the woodshop. I had on a dark grey sweater and the sun was hot. I wanted to go in. I wanted the feeling that I was doing something worthwhile, without which I had gone, for what seemed like weeks. I stood, pondering whether to go in. A young man then walked up to the door, and, about to enter into the shelter of the shop, he spotted me and asked if I were interested in wood working. He



was of medium size, dark, with nearly black hair, and a lean, very muscular body. His biceps gave evidence of a great deal of physical strength. His face was lean and rather long, his ears and eyes, small.

I began, with the assistance of my friend, to make a bowl. He worked with me and, as he did, he generated a capable air and a very warm, sincere personality. He was eager and ready to help me whenever he could. His eyes often lit up and a warm physical smile, accompanied by an affirmative wink, broke across his narrow mouth.

As he spoke in his rich, low-pitched voice, a slight nervousness became evident when he bowed his head and looked down, or ran his fingers through his hair. His directions and help, however, were short and explicit. He would waste little time and often would indicate or illustrate a point with gestures of his hand.

As he worked, his tongue swept about his lips, seeming to reflect tediousness in his labor. A friendly, quiet person, with a great deal of good humored patience, his sense of the comic enabled him to laugh at himself and see the light side of 'heavy' things.

Doodling in the shop, I had, for some curious reason, written some lines of the Gettysburg Address on a plansheet; he inspected my scribblings, smiled, then recovered and quite seriously said: "You must have been inspired when you wrote this."

Amid the roar of the motors and the whine of the saws, I felt at home in the shop with my friend who helped me get a start at Buck's Rock.

*Tom Rosenbaum*



This should be quite a new experience. I mulled over all I knew about embryology. Tiny, curled up cherubs paraded past my mind's eye.

My walk down the road to the lab with my friend ended. In the lab Sandy talked to us about the history of embryology and then said that we would have to inject a number of pituitary glands into our female Rana Pipiens. I knew nothing of embryological techniques and naturally I thought we must have quite a few in the refrigerator. After all, in what other way could we procure this infinitesimal gland located in the back of the head? It never crossed my mind that a frog would have to be killed. It wasn't economical, or ethical, or something! However, it was going to be done. The gory operation simply entailed cutting off his head and extracting the gland. It didn't seem very scientific, but it was about to happen. I had never seen a killing before and I was extremely apprehensive, yet for some reason I was determined to watch. The scissors were sterilized and then poised above the frog's head. I was tempted to turn away but I watched. As I heard the bone crack all I could think of was "With her head tucked underneath her arm." My eyes were glued to the sight as the head plopped into the wax pan.

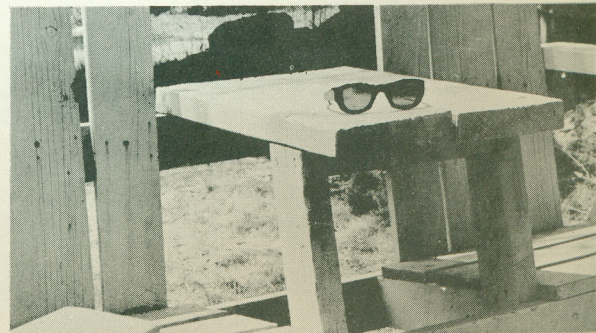
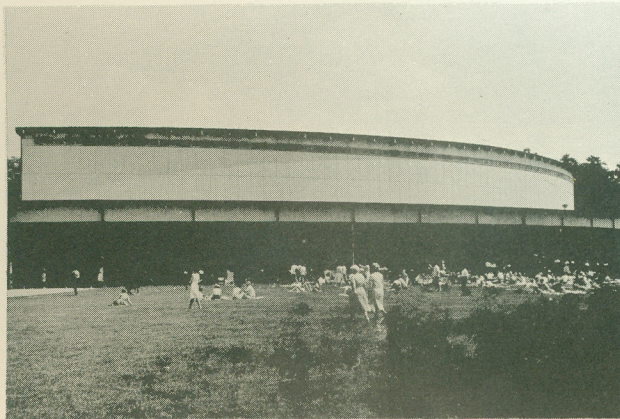
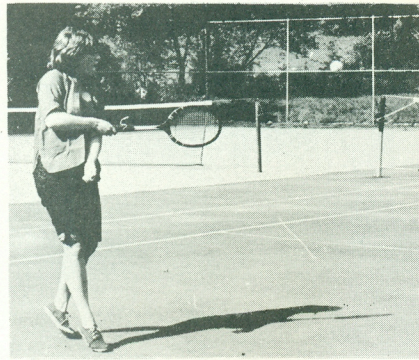
*Fred Brandfon*



Buck's Rock Happy is a typical chorus member...he goes to one quarter of the rehearsals and all of the performances. He is a tenor and sits with the sopranos...Dave Katz has often wondered at this strange combination.

Andy Morrison '51







Eventually, you forget everything...But right now I don't see how I can forget the madrigal performances...There were two in town...

I rode there in the Big Blue, not talking, as I knew we had to save our voices..The people who would listen to us; would they like our singing? After all our work and frustration, would our performance satisfy both us and our audience? The music certainly would; it was magnificent: Bustenhude's Cantata "Command Thine Angel" and Palestrina's " Bone Jesu." But I was nervous and worried; afraid that we would not do justice to the music. As we began to sing, the enormity of the works awed me. I felt that people could devote themselves to something greater than the individual. I identified this feeling with myself and realized that our music and our singing were a necessary part of the day's service.

As we finally left the church, I had a great feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction. I somehow knew that we had done our part.

*Judi Reinfeld and Kathe Blyn*



But what makes these people do these things?...It is the simple yet great satisfaction of having produced, with their own hands and minds, a thing they can be proud of.

Louis Jagerman '54







For the Girls

"The Cambridge ladies live in furnished souls..."  
e. e. cummings

"Buffalo gals are coming out tonight."  
anon.

It can all be read in their necks!  
Desperate angles: piles that can't be high,  
Grotesque of angles: and their sex  
Is angular, unrounded, caked and dry  
And hangs, dirty blue, from a positive prow  
And stretches dirty-blue on puffy knees  
And peels green glass from would-be pregnant cows  
And still says dirty-blue nothings: barbed degrees,

Hooks without meaning; what is there to say  
Or to squint at through the glassy green?  
There is buried dirty-blue in Jean Naté  
And everything's hot-buttered-peachy-keen.  
The centuries move furniture; no low and swell  
And Hatim Tai cries supper; what the hell,

*Lincoln Kaye*





RICHARD: For God's sake let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,  
All murdered. For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp...



BISHOP: My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.



*sketches by Margaret Rosenblum.*



Vacation, vacation, - I've tried so hard to convince myself that I'm on vacation. But why try to make myself more neurotic than I am already? It boils down to the fact that going through the mill cannot be a vacation. Well, it's not fair to judge four weeks by one day--but, God, what a day! It was a classic and hard to believe. To defend my sanity I will immediately put on paper the events of this day before they can be questioned.

4 AM - My bunk mate had decided the night before to go on an early morning hike to Mt. Tom. The alarm clock, consequently, rings now and keeps on ringing since buddy boy bunk mate can't find the clock.

5 AM - I've come to the conclusion that it's useless to go back to sleep. I, therefore, read one of the three one-act plays that will be presented by the CIT's. I'm supposed to write an analysis of one of them for Weeder's Digest. The deadline is today.

Morning work gong - I go down to the stage area to speak to Bill Korff (he's in charge of drama) about the one-act plays. He refers me to a CIT. I find her, get the information and now I'm ready to complete my article.

9:15 - I go to the print shop, discovering that it hadn't been too good an idea to leave my article for the last minute. I'm also informed that I should have my yearbook article ready. (I had written it before and had it handed back to me rejected - delightful, huh?) Lastly, I'm told firmly but sweetly that the short story I had written would be better disposed if it were filed away - far away.

First lunch - I have spent a grueling, tortuous miserable, hectic, unfulfilled morning pounding out my article on a damned typewriter. (Never did figure out how to use those "magic" margins). Well, at least I got that over with and I left for lunch.



Just as I put a foot in the dining room I'm reminded of a tennis match I was supposed to have played a half hour ago. So, down to the tennis courts. Lunch?--Oh, yes--well, minor things like eating we have to forget here on our vacation.

1:30 - That match proved interesting: I lost eight to three.

2:00 - Casually, I go to the riding schedule and find out that I'm supposed to be swaying in the saddle - now! So I take a healthy breakneck sprint to the stables to catch the class. Oh, I caught it and a goddam also for being late. The class went on without me.

3:00 - I meander over to the stage. A pleasant thought ran through my mind that Bill Korff didn't know that my analysis for Weeder's would be printed before the plays would be presented. He didn't and a thing like that wouldn't do. The article is panned -- but it was fun -- loads. Just loads.

3:15 - I hesitantly slink over to the print shop to tell them that the article can't go through. They hesitate also -- to see whether I should commit honorable suicide or if they should do the carving themselves. (They left a big hole in the magazine for my article -- no article -- big hole.)

4 PM - Well, it all ends twelve hours later and I feel as if I'm twelve years older. Oh, there's one more thing of importance -- c'est la vie!

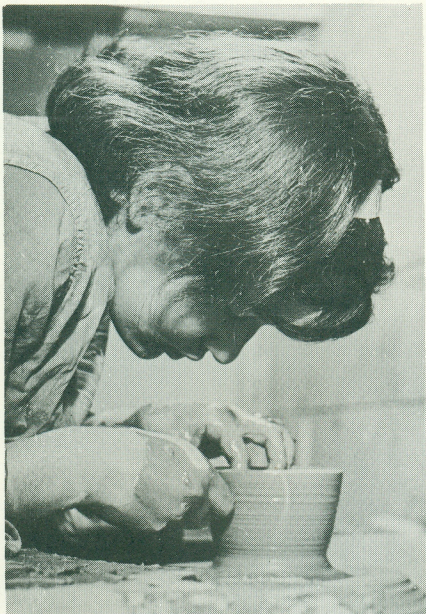
*Richard Marshall*



Each shop was a diving board whose spring sent  
the diver into a lake of pleasure.

Lisa Rosenberg '58









Barbie Fisher



## THE TOADY DOWNS : An Epic Poem of Rare Excitement

A pleasant evening in July --  
Breathless, assembled campers wait,  
Whispering the magic names --  
Dostoevsky , Copper Carbonate,  
Eliot Ness of the Catskills, too  
(Who can tell by names if toads can hop?)  
Speedy Gonzales, Wrigley Skrink,  
And Phyliss Kotler of the Silkscreen Shop.

The tennis court is crowded now.  
It's time for the frog race to begin!  
There stands Carol Jochnowitz,  
Lordly in her Judge's pin !  
She bids them bring to the racing rink  
The large glass jar with the frogs within.  
Then gravely announces the rules of the game.  
A murmur goes 'round, "May the best frog win."

Breathless, the spectators watch the frogs  
As they near the line--and when all is done  
It is announced with all due pomp  
That Laura Ewen's Freddy has won.  
Freddy, with a dignity rare in frogs  
Accepts his fortune with good grace  
And everyone is glad to see  
The joy spread o'er sweet Laura's face.

Here come the toads! Oh, noble beasts!  
So small, and yet so very fine.  
Twenty-seven is quite a lot:  
They must race nine and nine and nine.  
First Abbot from the Photo Shop  
Jumps over the intervening slats.  
Then Harry Joelson's Ranger wins,  
Then Toetip, owned by Matthew Katz.

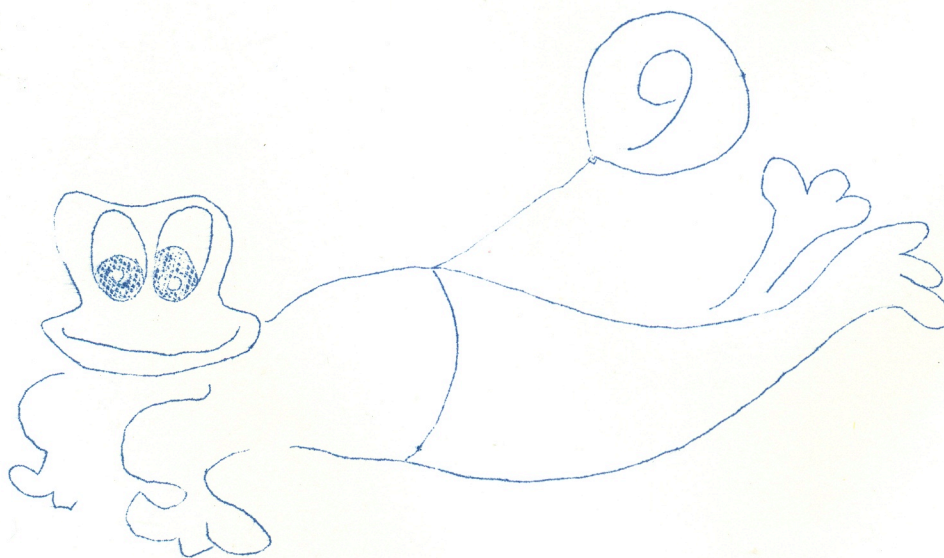
Lenny seizes the microphone  
Set to announce the final round.  
The little winners hop about



Then Abbot wins with one swift bound!  
The other toads just wait awhile  
Each musing "Is to win polite?"  
Then Toetip claims the second prize  
So we won't have to wait all night.

All gather 'round the winners three  
Who have won without taunts or goads  
And all agree that ne'er before  
Have been assembled such great toads.  
With his own hands, Ernst gives their patrons  
The prizes that have been prepared  
And far away in the Buck's Rock woods  
Hop twenty-seven toads who dared.

*Madeline Gabrielson*





My first thought was that some kind of miracle was happening, and I am not one to believe in miracles. But there it was and it looked exactly like fire. It was positively so breathtaking that I couldn't move. I felt as though I had no control over myself - all I could do was stand there and stare in an amazed fashion.

Bright pink and orange-blue streaks were appearing lower down where the gray-black, like smoke, was struggling to hide the brighter colors and fire itself. Then with a sudden burst the trees were aflame with their own brilliant yellow and gold color.

It was a sight to see and remember - the kind that imprints itself on your mind as a wonder of nature. I wondered why I had never seen such a sight before - why should it happen on this one night? Maybe it was the country and the world I was living in - the Buck's Rock World. But most of all it was my world of happiness and beauty which I longed to share with everyone else as I longed to share this most memorable sunset.

*Selma Meyerowitz*







Suddenly, the bird was dead. It seemed to happen so quickly: one moment a black arrow was alive, flying through the air to its nesty abode, - only to land on the floor of the dance studio with a thud and a broken neck.

I ran down the length of the studio and gently picked up the bird. It was warm, seemingly still alive. Its down was fine and exquisitely soft to the touch of my exploring fingers. I carried it back to my bunk and put it in my tissue box - covered the bird with tissues and buried it. As I buried it I began thinking about the circumstances that surrounded its death.

It was Wednesday and after snack. The drama workshop was in session. Ricky and Vicki were to do a scene from Antigone. The entire drama of the bird's death occurred while the two girls were acting. I became very impatient - why should the rescue of this bird wait for human beings to finish their play acting. And then I became aware that this incident depicted something that goes on throughout all the ages of life on earth. Life goes on even with the death of a cherished or important being. In one way this seemed beautiful for it meant that those who still exist may go on living.

Yet in another way it was morbid. For one could look upon this incident as saying: what, then, is the meaning of our existence if we are forgotten and life goes on without faltering?

*India Churgin*

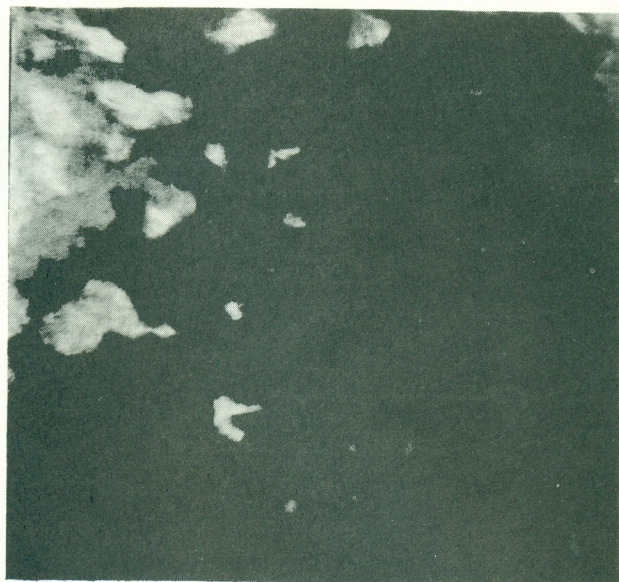




Buck's Rock is still Buck's Rock, you say, and the spirit is still there...altered, perhaps, because of the new faces and personalities, but still a living factor that makes this place different from others. You can never enumerate all that you have derived from here, the maturity and independence that this place has brought you. You realize its faults, for you are more mature than you were, and you take them into account. But you cannot forget what it has done for you...

Richard Levy '54







My fingers weren't getting any cleaner. Some oil paint had lovingly lodged itself into the pores of my skin, and an attempt to remove it with an ingenious conglomeration of Quickie and turpentine was proving futile. In addition, one fly, no, two big fat flies were buzzing round my head and tickling my feet. I think I uttered some unprintable oath and aimed for a fly, succeeding, of course, in hitting my leg. The blow, however, must have been quite powerful, for at this point, a bottle of hand lotion went crashing to the floor, and I decided then and there that I was not going to the activity scheduled for that evening. It was 7:30, and not caring to sit in the ever-looneyatmosphere of my bunk, I managed to locate another forlorn soul. Together we set out--past the oak--down the road, hoping that a walk would act as a tonic for our disgruntled nerves.

So we wandered down the road, slowly, pensively, sucking in great breaths of air, appreciating the luxury of our solitude. Hidden peeves, nagging fears, a world poured forth and we reached the farmhouse. Two figures were standing by the roadside. We recognized them to be the African students who work in the Buck's Rock kitchen. At once we were interested in talking to them. The opportunity to speak to people of Nigeria doesn't present itself often, you know. Besides, I happen to be corresponding with a boy from Nigeria. (I had just received a letter from him in which he asked for my opinion about various aspects of Nigerian life.) This made me doubly interested in making their acquaintance. Exciting, I think, to have the written word transformed into comprehensive reality.

I guess we were lucky. The two men were also interested in talking. I explained to one about my pen pal. Yes, he would write to him for me and give his opinions about the attitude of Americans towards Nigeria. No, he would not generalize; be-



cause there is no one opinion in any country, particularly the United States.

Now I took courage in hand. I asked his name. He was, I think, a little taken aback, but just for a moment, because then he smiled, answered and asked mine. Then all at once something completely wonderful happened. We began to talk, and it was--well, we spoke of so many things: religion, prejudice, nationalism, education, travel, government and human nature. I guess I must have been quite naive in some of my attitudes. I know I felt almost embarrassed when I discovered that he had traveled down South and knew more about that part of my country than I did.

The softness of the evening was shattered by the gong. Gong, gong perennial gong. I looked toward the right and saw that my girlfriend was also deeply absorbed in a conversation with his friend. She smiled. We lingered for a few moments, but already visions of pumpkins and white mice were dancing before our eyes.

So we left, as slowly as we had come, - but in silence. Soon we heard people talking and laughing, and suddenly we started to run and skip and sing and we were grand and free and giddy, and wouldn't they be angry at us because we were late, and who cared? Breath spent, we collapsed on the steps of our bunks and looked skyward. The air had a certain stillness to it. Smokey blown clouds seemed to evaporate and sink into a night which was their own. The trees were quiet. Another chance, another world, another day. The last rays of light faded into the emptiness of dusk.

*Naomi Walfish*



Within a few seconds of his arrival, everybody knew that Gary Davis had returned. A group raced down the path to the Kornfeld bunk where Barry was speaking with the bent old guitarist. Campers who had seen and heard the blind streetsinger before almost fought for the privilege of helping him up the hill. Later, Reverend Davis performed on the packed social hall porch. He lamented the loss of his beloved instrument, "Miss Gibsen", which had gone "the way of all guitars." After being handed a banjo, Gary proceeded to go into a display of fireworks. Davis' sage comments about "de man and de woman" were followed by a song based on the Samson and Delilah legend, which delighted Buck's Rockers. Within a matter of minutes, Gary, now playing a guitar, created a sing-along session with the willing audience. He introduced his improvised guitar march in his familiar cracked voice, punctuating it with many "Yeah's!" and "y'understands." In a rasping, driving tone, Gary plugged away at "Twelve Gates to the City" as an encore.

For a moment, the American soul lived in the person of an old, blind, Negro clergyman sitting on a stool.

*Barry Fruchter*











Things even began wrong. We left Buck's Rock half - hour late for the first intercamp game of the season at Camp Everett as our varsity softball and volleyball teams had thought. What happened that day was strictly a "comedy of errors." The "Big Blue" truck was bursting at the seams as both varsities, two coaches, three junior counselors, one W B B C sportscaster, and an oversized box of food were all jammed into it.

We finally pulled out of camp, but our first "error" took its toll early. The "Big Blue" had engine trouble on the first hill it encountered and barely reached the next gas station. While the truck was rolling down the hill to get ready for another start, Ira jumped onto the running board, but couldn't manage to get off. In a half-hour Ronnie Danzig came with the "Big Green" truck, but then we had to face another problem. It seems the "Big Blue" is larger than the "Big Green" and we couldn't all fit on it. After a great deal of effort, we wound up having to leave behind only two junior counselors.

We hit our cook - out site, and a tumultuous lunch followed. Bernie used a half of a can of lighter fluid for one small fire that was to feed almost thirty ravenous boys; clamoring for doubles, yelling for ketchup, and grabbing everything that wasn't tied down or on the fire. We finished, again went through the tedious task of jamming into the truck, and again went on our way.

After arriving there ten minutes early by some



freak luck, we again encountered misfortune. Their players were forty minutes late, and during this time Ira kept grumbling that we should have taken more time for lunch (as if we really would have, had we had the time then). Their varsity softball team (what there was of it, we thought) emerged, and if not triumphantly, at least not hopelessly.

We awaited the appearance of their volleyball varsity. Yet again we were disappointed. Their volleyball team was unaware of the scheduled game, so our softball team inherited a private rooting section.

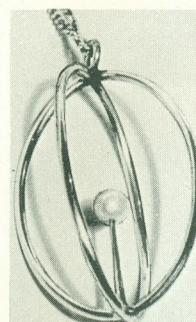
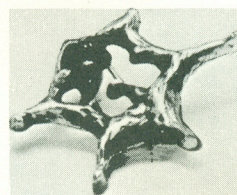
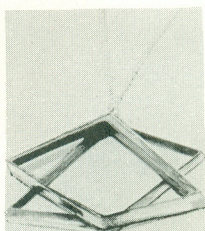
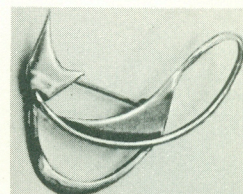
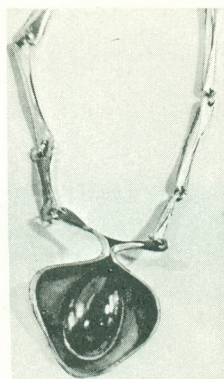
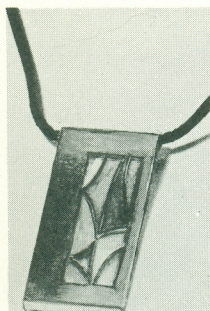
Our varsity "licked its chops" at their pint-sized varsity and Bernie instructed the team thus, "Go out there and get ten quick runs, we have to get back in time for first supper." Indeed ten runs were scored and we did get back in time for first supper (at least for the middle of it), but when the ten runs were divided at the end, we only had two; and the team at which our varsity had "licked its chops" wound up "holding the meat."

They treated us to sodas after the game and when we got back onto the truck, we had some marshmallows which Bernie had taken away from us at lunch to prevent us from overeating. (He did a poor job, otherwise). We left Camp Everett and the varsity, still in a state of shock, kept asking me how each one did, as I had kept score.

We could feel every imperfection in the highways of Connecticut as Bernie sped along at the maximum speed allowed by law. The wind seemed to be traveling at hurricane speed as everyone braced himself and for once refrained from talking. We arrived in camp just in time for those of us in the Watermelon League to eat, and then for a change of pace, play softball.

*Ric Uslander*







Dear Editors,

I really was very nervous. I know the editor, but still I know that she'll change it. Oh, of course she'll do it politely and subtly, but she'll do it. It's really sort of degrading. You write the damn article and then they go and show you how stupid you are by changing all those grammatical things and all that. I know grammar. I know that you say "his" after "everyone" and that you must have a result after using "such" or "so"... It's just that when you write... Well, you know they approach you with a smile and a slightly interrogative tone and you feel like an ass, a real ass. Well, it's their own fault: who told them to ask all these kids, who they know can't write, to do articles? Oh, I know they're desperate, but it would be better to have ten really cool articles than fifty utterly faggy ones by overly retarded writers.

Well, anyway, Ansei Uchima won't be here in time for me to write about all his aesthetic theories, so there was no need for me to be so nervous and all that. So, instead I'm writing this as a finky replacement that will be humorous or something. Anyway, it'll be original. (Notice how I didn't use "so" grammatically correctly in previous sentences. I told you so.) O.K., enough of this foolishness. Have a nice winter.

Love,  
Ira (Stiff)



In front of the looming Concert Shed an audience was settled on the lawn, stretched out in the sun or blanketed in the shadow of the several broad, low-limbed trees which had been planted there.

The Shed seemed to be the center of attention.

While they listened they ate food, read newspapers, or lay on their backs with closed eyes.

Nor did I want to look towards the Shed: I found more congruent with the Baroque Master Mozart I was hearing to look at the fluttering clustered leaves on the stately trees lining the entrance walk. I later was told that the music as I heard it was inferior because it was piped out of the Shed and not heard first-hand, but I cannot envy the sweating audience stuffed within the Shed who supposedly benefitted from the performance more than I did.

\* \* \* \* \*

I lay out under the sun and watched the breeze wavering the trees and the clouds in the sky and then I closed my eyes and saw in my memory another, twin row of trees, and a twin sky, but under a different sun, that lit the pale, rusty villas and their fountains on the ordered pine-thick slopes in the late afternoon of a land, and an age, when the Masters made their sweet music.

*Andy Ross*



Never before have I felt so much that I belonged. Never before have I wanted to give of myself to an inanimate object. But is it inanimate? The walls seem to move. They even speak if you listen closely enough.

The barn, almost magically, no longer even has the appearance of a barn. The building at once is transformed into a temple. It is serene and calm, yet radiating and glowing. The walls seem to move towards me, but I don't care. They could crush me. I am a part of this building so that it couldn't hurt me. A hammer sounds in the distance. At once my senses become alive. The hammer doesn't beat on a head of a nail, but vibrates through me.

The slats in the wall begin to move. I close my eyes and still the slats move. It is beautiful. I want to strap myself to the walls. I never want to leave. It's warm and welcoming. It makes me feel close to the forest, as I've never been before. I feel I can tell all troubles to it, for the building is alive. Before my eyes three walls have changed from a barn to a shrine.

*Carol Stein*



I dread the feeling of leaving Buck's Rock more  
than I have ever dreaded anything before. I know  
though, that when I leave, I'll be leaving with so  
much more than what I came with.

Carol Levy '52



### On Buck's Rock and Myself

This place is a reflection of myself in every way. It is the mirror of my maturity. I look in it, by living in it, and find my reflection by returning a year later. All my old ideas, actions, thoughts are now overshadowed by those of this year, and I know that those of this year will seem immature in comparison with those of the next. So then, I think, why can't I just push myself ahead and see what next year's thoughts will be? Why can't I simply and voluntarily transcend my thought process towards the world to see if the more mature ones are more valuable, lethargic, more advanced, or just a return to earlier ideas in modification. Is dropping a great part of my liberalism a mature attitude? Is it realistic or pacifistic? Do we become mentally stagnant or regressive when we are older? And if we regress, then why don't stodgy old individuals return to their flaming liberal days?

As I look upon the camper younger than I am, I see myself in the past. I see my views, which have been thought a million times, my realizations, which have been realized innumerable times, my whole personal progression from syndrome to syndrome -- each time thinking that I was realizing something new and original.

The dimension of thought cannot be measured, and yet it progresses. As we progress, do we have more thought? If so, I suppose that we must pour in the immature thoughts, then the more mature and so on, until our measuring cups of thought are filled. Most of us never fill them. It is too bad that we must pour in the bottom layers first, and can't simply realize what is immature, dismiss it, and not get carried away with it. I know that what I think now is ridiculous compared with future realizations, but I don't know what they will be. It's very frustrating, yet fulfilling, to laugh at yourself.

*Ira Siff*



The land-bound workers toiled as their cruel masters relentlessly cracked their serpent-tongued whips. The blazing July sun shone without mercy on the naked backs of the oppressed masses. A distant tolling could be heard, and the workers paused for a delicious moment, their eyes searching the origin of the strange noise.

A loud cry arose from the struggling peasants, and, as if by some pre-arranged signal, they ran towards the ever-increasing din. A short, bearded, olive-clothed man, arms outstretched, called the excited commons to a halt. "You are oppressed! You have been slaving in the animal institution, experimental laboratories, sweat shops and kitchens for twenty years. The 'score of scorn' is over! Done! Vive le revolution!"

The population greeted the announcement of truth with a tumultuous ovation. Cries of "Vive! Vive!" resounded and invaded the now-deserted valleys and fields.

The time of plenty had arrived! Snack rations for all! The new administration promised cultural centers, schools, and play facilities for the liberated. Housing developments were also proposed, including large modern rooms and a public meeting house.

As darkness slipped through the gates of the sleep-communes; the heroes of the day reviewed the last few hours' events as they hungrily consumed their C.I.T. snack. The revolution had succeeded!

*Ellen Eisenstadt*



Of all man's great artistic endeavors (pizza baking, ping-pong playing, etc.), perhaps none ranks higher than the Frisbee. Frisbee came to the Western world from the Chinese, as usual; this and other Chinese inventions have added immeasurably to the civilizations of the world. After all, what society would be complete without Chinese noodles, kites, or fortune cookies? It was, therefore, the wisdom of the ancient Chinese which spawned the mystifying Frisbee, with its countless athletic and philosophical possibilities.

The Inventor-developer of the frisbee (he was a little of each, so as to promote principles of fair play, share and share alike, etc.) was an alcoholic baker named Sau Rau Lee. One day, in a fit of delirium, he found himself hurling pie plates at his quick-tempered, irate owner-emperor. Immediately, Sau saw the possibilities of the plates and determined to explore the subject. Before he could explore the afore-mentioned possibilities, however, he was deftly removed from the scene by his quick-tempered, irate owner-emperor.

Frisbee was virtually nonexistent for the next several hundred years or so, until it was brought on the scene by the emperor for whom it was named (Frisbee almost means pie-plates; hence, His



Royal Majesty, the Emperor Pie plates.) The king, a devout student of Zen, was aided greatly by the Frisbee (he was the only one who was: anyone else who had a Frisbee was beheaded.) The king, being a broadminded, liberal, fine, upstanding fellow (with a name like Frisbee, how could he fail?), immediately lifted the Frisbee ban, and Frisbee once again reigned victorious.

The art spread to our shores one day, when a misguided sumo wrestler, in a fit of primitive interest in a Frisbee, accidentally throw one across the ocean to San Fernando, where the Frisbee plant was established.

So much for basics.....

What does Frisbee mean to me? How can I best explain myself? To me, the art embodies the best of Eastern and Western civilization, of physical and mental exertion, of baseball and kite flying. What other earthly thing encompasses so great a scope? Who among us has not sighed before the rapturous beauty of a Frisbee in full flight, soaring through the heavens? Who hasn't? I know I haven't.

Now we approach perhaps the most interesting facet of the Frisbee: its intellectual possibilities. There are those who have developed whole philosophies of life revolving around the seemingly simple Frisbee (or, as it is quaintly called, the Pluto platter.) One particular group, of which I am a member in a good stead, supports the theory of the Inverted Frisbee of Life. As any member of this sect can tell you, life is nothing more than a huge inverted Frisbee, which spins eternally through the ebbless void of time. The edges of this particular Frisbee are razorsharp, with Mankind situated in the center. As the disc spins, centrifugal force hurls man onto the edges, where we are hacked to unrecognizable shreds; hence, the condition of the world today.

Alas, Frisbees, I must sadden your hearts.



Commercialism has come to Frisbee. A new plant has been established in New Jersey, and poor imitation platters are now being perpetuated into the midst of East Coast Frisbee devotees.

These disks, called Mars Platters (a takeoff on The original Pluto Platters) have sharp edges and the plastic is very vulnerable. Even I (and you will go far to find another as well acquainted with Frisbees as I) was duped by the insidious manufacturers of these copies. It was torn into pieces after merely two days of play.

But all is not lost. Perhaps this planned obsolescence of Frisbees is a good sign. Perhaps it is indicative of the widening acceptance of a once little-known art form. Colleges have helped to give Frisbee the popularity it deserves. Some camps, it is rumored, have gone so far as to establish Frisbee Varsities and classes, no doubt under the auspices of some upstanding and courageous souls. Therefore, friends, do not give up hope. And remember: Frisbee-ers of the World, Unite!

*Alfred Gingold*



During the second week of the summer it rained for four days straight. Mostly, I stayed in my bunk those four days, except when I had duty in the shop, or for meals. I stayed inside listening to the rain on the roof, enjoying the feeling of being warm and safe, and of having time of my own.

During those days I read, I thought, I slept. I read two novels, one a mystery. Towards the end of the third day I grew restless.

On the fourth day somebody in the next bunk played "Bolero." Its rhythm takes hold of you; it becomes part of you 'till your whole body feels the beat of the piece. Then it is over.

And on the fourth day the rain stopped.

*Jon White*





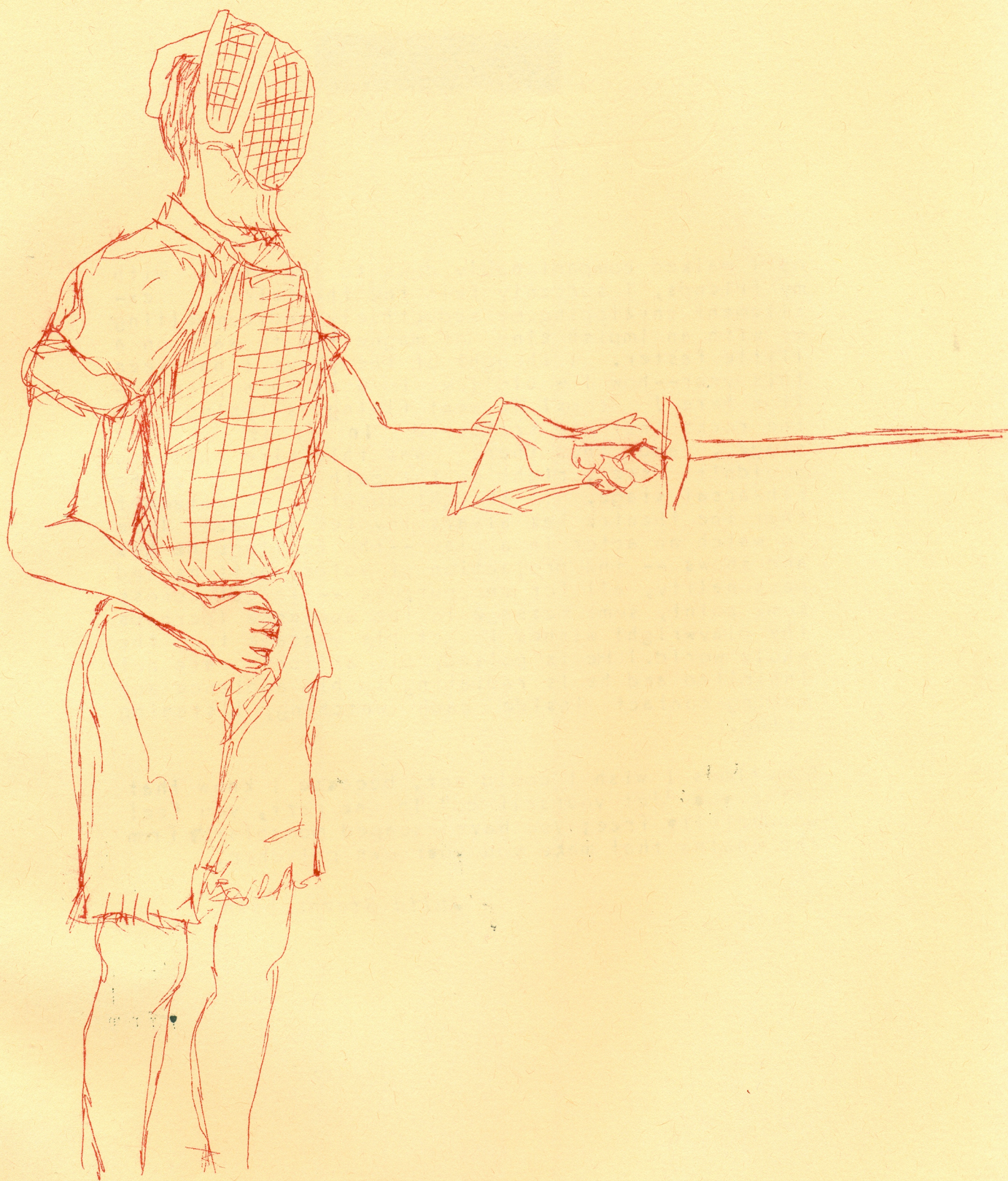


As I walked companionably down to the stage with my friends, I suddenly felt the theatrical excitement enveloping me seductively and compelling me with an impish kind of magnetism to walk on a little faster. I thought of the plays I had seen this year--how I would love to work on a production here! Woops! We went flying, slipping over the rocks that are scattered in front of the stage, and then there was this wire that you couldn't see, right on the path leading to the rehearsal stage. I thought about the excitement that the theatre has always invoked in me. I love to watch an actor in a play -- the feelings he has and shows -- the projection of voice, actions and personality, all for one purpose -- to get across some point, some message to the audience (perhaps the playwright wishes to get his message to the whole world.) He is poised, his actions are not inhibited and he is radiating to his audience and making contact inside each watching, listening being.

Sometimes I wish I could act, because I know that after you "let yourself go" in one part, you feel wonderfully free; you have escaped momentarily from the chains that make you your own prisoner.

*Julia Sternschein*







So I'm back at fencing again. Another ligament-tearing, bone-cracking session of fencing... Well, here comes Saltzman... Might as well assume the en-garde for the 'old' master.

"Meat head, first position comes first. Makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Sorry, won't happen again."

Oh, to halifax with that shmaltzy first position and salute. You'd think I was one of the three musketeers. Anyway...

"Hey, watch it!"







One day Marty Propper called me into his room. "Dan, how would you like to teach me how to play the guitar and I'll give you some extra tennis lesson?"

We got our guitar, and he proceeded to show me the extent of his knowledge, which proved to be limited to but a few keys. I decided to teach him the same thing that Barry was teaching us.

We started with the key of A. I taught him a simple strum and the song "Hard Ain't It Hard" and left him with the warning that he'd better practice. I promised to return in a few days.

I came back as scheduled, but he hadn't practiced. Two more days passed and this time when I returned he had the strum and the chords down pat. But he had forgotten both the words to the song and the tune. Once he finally learned the words, the tune eluded him. I tried to tell him that he had to practice diligently if he hoped to play well or sing on key. I promised to give him another lesson in a week.

When the time came again he said that the song had given him some trouble and confessed that he wasn't practicing enough. (At this point he was tempted to throw away the damn guitar.) He got used to practicing regularly, however, and now he plays rather well. But when he tries to sing...

*Dan Quat*



The hardtops have an ambiguously definite destination. They are the pompously groping fingers of a closed blindness; the ways of men who won't climb up when they can dig through with their carefully numbered, stale-red-pencil straight lines (nature has never produced a straight line).

The dirtroads, the backroads and inroads are better suited to the dimensions of the morning. The morning peels back the planes and angular interrelationships are unbound; picked out of the boxes. Dimension is presence now, not a substance. All substance becomes a suggestion of blue edges.

The sun is subtle and soon it will sift the edges to recruit its brassy candelabras and then I will notice the bones.

It was a fox and I think it must have died empty last winter. There was still a collapsed eye... angry in the morning.

*Lincoln Kaye*



Oak...the king of woods. The wood that symbolizes all of Buck's Rock. Branches that reach as fingers reach toward a goal that constantly slips away into the blue-guaze sky of day, toward the shining pin-points of living fire that are the stars at night.

The oak tree stands eternally, though campers may come and go.

Joel Handler '53







Buck's Rock has an almost completely relaxed environment, yet there still remains some irremovable tension within us which pervades and somewhat lessens the naturalness of our surroundings.

There is little pressure from others to do anything, and it is only our desire for accomplishment and our enjoyment while working which prompt us to create. But without this drive, however little it be, nothing would be accomplished. It is not this which is destructive, but this personal drive is what makes this society here at camp possible.

Buck's Rock's major shortcoming and disappointment to me is its impermanence. We can never really accept camp ideology, for, even after we become accustomed to the ideals, we still remember that this is only a summer's experience. The tension of our future remains: we must return to what we come from. This compulsion to return would not be as destructive as it is, if we weren't as conscious as we are, if we didn't say to ourselves as often as we do: "This is almost utopia, but it will end." Our recognition of it as temporary lessens many of its possible achievements under more permanent conditions. We can never really enjoy all the beauty if we realize that almost everything here is temporary.

Although we enjoy ourselves while here, we do realize - and it is unfortunate that we do - that the time we spend here is not our real life, but rather, a diversion, perhaps even an escape, from it. And if this escape does in some way change us, making us freer, it will only be harder for us to revert to our more restrained, if less natural, selves in a more restricted society.

It is not the camp which is to be blamed for our having to revert to a more rigid environment, yet



it has tried to cope with it, and has failed. This failure, however, at an impossible, or nearly impossible, task has been more valuable than the apathy of other summer institutions. Although we remain far from utopia, we approach it here more so than other places do.

Buck's Rock is like an eggshell into which we are crawling, and are afraid to climb into because we must come out again. If instead, however, we could conceive of this camp as a personal growing process whose growth would never need to be stifled, then we would be able to grow and be desirous of more experience, certain that almost any desires we might develop we would be able to satiate.

This is the problem that can't be solved: Buck's Rock is composed of campers who are part of a society alien to Buck's Rock, and it is only by making the two societies more compatible (preferably, by changing the society outside Buck's Rock) that Buck's Rockers can participate in activities with a freer, less limited feeling.

*Mark Katz*







# DIRECTORY



# boys

Noel Adler	34 Jasmine Lane Valley Stream N.Y.	PY1 7846	
Howard Askenase	229 Somerset Dr. Hewlett, N.Y.	FR4 2223	4/5
Tom Avery	24 Grandview Blvd. Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 3890	
Alan H. Barysh	R. F. D. #3 Chestnutland Rd. New Milford, Connecticut		
Glenn Bussuk	Buston School Williamstown, Mass.	EL4 5420	12/27
David Bearg	143 Beach 125th St. Belle Harbor 94, N.Y.	NE4 6552	
Bruce Blatt	145-35 13th Ave. Whitestone 57, N.Y.	LE9 0594	
Zachary Bloomgarden	1515 East 8th St. Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	ES5 6594	
Raymond Blumenfeld	114 Sutton Manor New Rochelle, N.Y.	BE5 0044	3/30
Eric Blumenson	80 Esplanade Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	MO8 4579	
Robert Blumenson	350 First Avenue New York 10, N.Y.	AL4 6064	
Peter Bocour	350 First Avenue New York 10, N.Y.	AL4 6064	
Fred Brandfon	173 Riverside Dr. New York 24, N.Y.	TR7 7850	
Robert Bressler	84-03 168th Place Jamaica, N.Y.	RE9 0036	3/12
John Bulova	200 Parker Road Elizabeth, N.J.	EL5 3513	8/28
Cliff Burke	50 Elm St. Glens Falls, N.Y.	RX2 3023	5/12
	1280 Pine Road N. Miami, Fla.	757 5454	7/7
Jeff Chester	33 Hintington Dr. Yonkers, N.Y.	DE7 0216	5/11
Charles Cummings	213 Clent Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 6095	
Bruce Dancis	2140 E. Tremont Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	TA2 0286	5/14
Paul Drexler	1186 East 10th St. Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	CL3 7929	
David Ewen	326 Broadway Massapqua Park, N.Y.	LI1 2507	3/9
David Fine	1284 Fayette St. W. Englewood, N.J.	TE6 1896	6/10
Jeff Fishman	10 Plymouth Place White Plains, N.Y.	WH6 0817	
Martin Fortgang	41-08 42nd St. Long Island City 4, N.Y.	ST4 6696	
Richard Fried	3972 47th St. Long Island City 4, N.Y.	ST6 9332	12/20
Lewis Frish	196 Beach 142nd St. Neponsit 94, N.Y.	NE4 7171	4/16
Barry Fruchter	2401 Davidson Ave. New York 68, N.Y.	LU4 9588	3/7



Peter Gadiel	67-25 Ingram St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 7545	
David Gasman	70 Murray Ave. Port Washington N.Y.	PO7 1929	
Paul Gellers	65-09 99th St. Forest Hills N.Y.	TW7 8151	
Paul Genin	52 Tulip Lane New Rochelle N.Y.	BE5 2117	
Jim Gerstenzang	45 Parker Ave. Maplewood N.J.	SO2 4226	10/8
Alfred Gingold	110 East End Ave. New York 28, N.Y.	LE5 5148	
Douglas Gladstone	5 Brookview Terrace Hillsdale N.J.	NO4 4335	6/16
Joseph Gladstone	131-32 Francais Lewis Blvd. Laurelton N.Y.	LA8 7132	
Kenneth Goldstrom	138 Berrian Road New Rochelle N.Y.	NE2 4956	5/17
Marc Goldzweig	302 Linden Place West Hempstead N.Y.	IV6 6877	
Sidney Goodman	270 Waverly Ave. East Rockaway N.Y.	FR4 2013	
Jonathan Gould	21 Marshall Court Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 2857	
Andy Gowa	1673 East 28th St. Bklyn. 29, N.Y.	CL2 4108	11/6
Benjamin Grabe	Channel Road South Norwalk Conn.	TE8 3383	
Jody Greenberg	8216 Marion Road Elkins Park 17, Penna.	ME5 2129	

Mitchell Halper	53 Coleridge St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	NI8 8179
Marc Heller	River Road Scarborough, N.Y.	WI1 5161

Seth Ingram	16 North Broadway White Plains, N.Y.	WH9 5742	5/15
David Itkin	15 Springdale Road Scarsdale, N.Y.	GR2 4614	

Harry Joelson	159 Derrom Ave. Patterson 4, N.Y.	LA5 1132	4/21
Peter Joseph	261 Prince Ave Freeport, N.Y.	FR8 6010	

Larry Kanter	46 Sun Valley Way Morris Plains, N.J.	JE9 2945	
Alexander Katz	Madison St. Woodmere, N.Y.	FR4 1005	
David Katz	Madison St. Woodmere, N.Y.	FR4 1005	
Mark Katz	300 E. Palisade Ave. Englewood, N.J.	LO9 5355	
Lincoln Kaye	82-25 209th St. Queens Village 21, N.Y.	HO8 1648	
Michael Kempster	1148 5th Ave. New York 28, N.Y.	SA2 2129	
Ira Klemons	200 Corbin Place Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	TW1 0940	8/6
Billy Kofker	49 Harvest Drive Scarsdale N.Y.	SC5 2004	
Randall Krakaure	27 Simpson Place Yonkers N.Y.	SP9 2012	
Mitchell Kurash	5210 Broadway New York 63, N.Y.	LO2 7747	



John Laub	911 Frog Hollow Terrace Jenkintown, Pa.	TU4 3509	
Dan Lenke	41 2nd Ave. Port Washington, N.Y.	PO7 8169	3/31
Andrew Levinson	585 West End Ave. New York 24, N.Y.	SU7 1430	

Daniel Marcus	12 Linden Blvd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 0961	
Richard Marshall	10 Cambridge Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 9242	
George Martin	189-54 43rd Road Flushing 58, N.Y.	FL8 5465	
Larry Martin	189-54 43rd Road Flushing 58, N.Y.	FL8 5465	
Jonathan Metric	17 Falmouth St. Bklyn, N.Y.	NI8 1962	
Louis Metzger	449 Hoffman Ave. New Milford, N.J.	CO1 0710	1/28
Joseph Meyer	80 Griffen Ave. Scarsdale, N.Y.	SC5 0879	
Eugene Miller	3970 Hillman Ave. New York 63, N.Y.	KI8 4611	11/22
Edward Moss	108-28 68th Drive Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 0205	

Philip Naigles	48 Seneca Ave. Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 4815	
Henry Nass	Stratford Road Harrison, N.Y.	WO7 1354	5/21
Kenneth Newman	28 Stewart Ave. Nutley, N.J.	NO7 2756	
Lloyd Newman	234 Clent Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 0790	12/15
Scott Newrock	8 Charles Lane Port Chester, N.Y.	WE7 5583	11/14
David Nisinson	9960 63rd Road, Rego Park 74, N.Y.	TW6 5858	
Larry Novikoff	51 White Oak Street New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE2 1612	

Zev Ornitz	270 Riverside Drive New York 25, N.Y.	UN5 6983	
Peter Orville	29 Ghadon Lane Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 7280	1/26
Donald Osman	1730 East 7th St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	DE9 6368	

Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Drive Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 4487	6/5
Andrew Polon	305 West 86th St. New York 24, N.Y.	SU7 6888	2/18
Daniel Prince	7702 Park Ave. North Bergen, N.J.	UN7 7750	

Daniel Quat	16 Elliott Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 4158	
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Daniel Prince	7702 Park Ave. North Bergen, N.J.	UN7 7750	

Daniel Quat	16 Elliott Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 4158	
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Bruce Roland	112-44 69th Ave. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 7599	6/13
Thomas Rosenbaum	22 Woodbine Ave. Larchmont, N.Y.	TE4 0345	11/2
Jonathan Rosenbloom	160 Wellington Ave. New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE2 6042	
Stephen Rosenbush	3720 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn, N.Y.	DE8 4237	5/10
Bennett Ross	125 Old Mill Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 9024	7/10
Robert Rothberg	69-26 171st St. Flushing 65, N.Y.	OL7 1638	

Eric Sabinson	67-82 Selfridge St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 6378	9/15
Richard Schiff	49 Fonda Rd. Rockville Centre, N.Y.	RO6 2619	2/7
Howard Schoenfeld	198 Myrtle Drive Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 3709	4/17
Marc Schulkind	179-06 75th Ave. Flushing 66, N.Y.	RE9 6834	2/21
Michael Seitchick	6609 Lawnton Ave. Philadelphia 26, Pa.	NA4 3692	8/28
Dean Sheppard	40 Carriage Lane Roslyn Heights, N.Y.	NA1 6515	6/13
Daniel Shulman	3299 Cambridge Ave. New York 63, N.Y.	KI3 7187	
Greg Singer	70-34 Utopia Pkwy, N.Y.	JA3 2218	
Jules Smith	80-76 Tryon Place Jamaica 32, N.Y.	AX7 6823	10/7
Daniel Sokol	1522 E. 29th St. Brooklyn 29, N.Y.	CI2 5524	3/18
Robert Solomon	51 Edgemere Drive Albertson L.I., N.Y.	MA1 8509	5/6
Robert Spitzer	235 Amherst St. Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	DE2 7672	6/11
Larry Steiner	7 Rutland Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 9419	7/31
Robert Stern	2701 Avenue J Brooklyn 10, N.Y.	ES7 7650	
Wayne Stix	112 Carthage Road Scarsdale, N.Y.	SC3 6566	
Joel Striker	664 Derby Ave. Woodmere, N.Y.	FR1 2275	10/3
Richard Sulken	12 Briar Lane, Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 6613	

Peter Tavalin	647 E. 14th St. New York 9, N.Y.	OR7 3470	
Ross Turin	755 Ocean Ave Brooklyn 26, N.Y.	IN9 0200	11/23

Eric Uslaner	402 E. 29th St. Patterson, N.J.	SH2 2387	2/2
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David Watson	Kirby Lane North Rye, N.Y.	WO7 3410	
Jeff Weil	6910 108th St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	BO1 9077	
Fred Winter	243 Rugby Road Brooklyn 26, N.Y.	VI6 5058	7/8

Daniel Yavner	1595 Metropolitan Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	TA8 9162	
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# girls

Karen Bassuk	1044 East 28th St. Bklyn. 10, N.Y.	CL8 6143	8/7
Miriam Bergstein	523 East 14th St. New York 9, N.Y.	SP7 8732	
Amy Berkman	33 Bayview Ave. Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 6741	
Abby Blatt	51 West 86th St. New York N.Y.		
Janet Blaustein	7324 Ridge Blvd. Bklyn. 9, N.Y.	TE6 0529	
Geri Blitzman	224-12 Manor Road Queens Village 27, N.Y.	HO5 0206	
Helene Blitzman	360 First Ave. New York 10, N.Y.	OR3 8113	
Kathe Blyn	130-16 229th St. Laurelton 13, N.Y.	FI1 1354	
Jane Penny Borin	620 Ft. Washington Ave. New York 40, N.Y.	WA8 0365	
Ann Bramson	87-16 168th Place Jamaica 32, N.Y.	RE9 1005	6/21
Susan Breslau	196-14 51st Ave. Flushing N.Y.	BA4 4110	5/24

Lydia Churgin	203 West 94th St. New York 25, N.Y.	AC2 1545	
Enid Cohen	87-40 Francis Lewis Blvd. Hollis 23, N.Y.	HO5 7448	
Elizabeth Coleman	5051 Iselin Ave. New York 71, N.Y.	K16 0946	
Ellen Davidson	Overbrook Hospital Cedar Grove N.J.	CE9 4020	
Naomi Dembe	187 West 48th St. Bayonne N.J.	FE9 8789	
Julia Diamant	145 Altamont Ave. Tarrytown N.Y.	ME1 2585	

Ellen Eisenstadt	1706 East 33rd St. Bklyn. 34, N.Y.	DE9 3242	
Jane Evans	370 First Ave. New York 10, N.Y.	GR5 7262	
Susan Evans	370 First Ave. New York 10, N.Y.	GR5 7262	

Elizabeth Fain	400 Laurel Ave. Providence 6, R.I.	TE1 7444	
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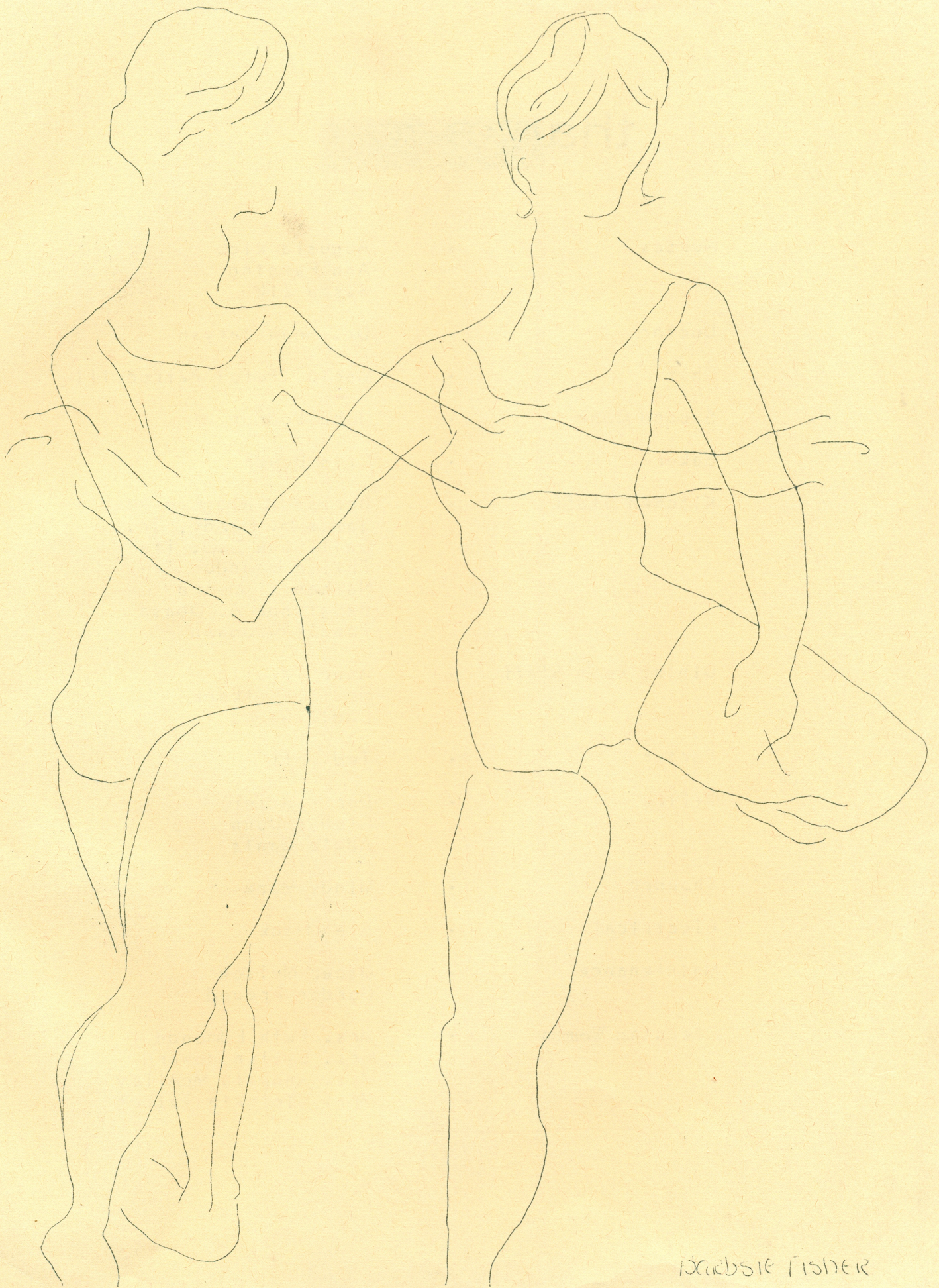
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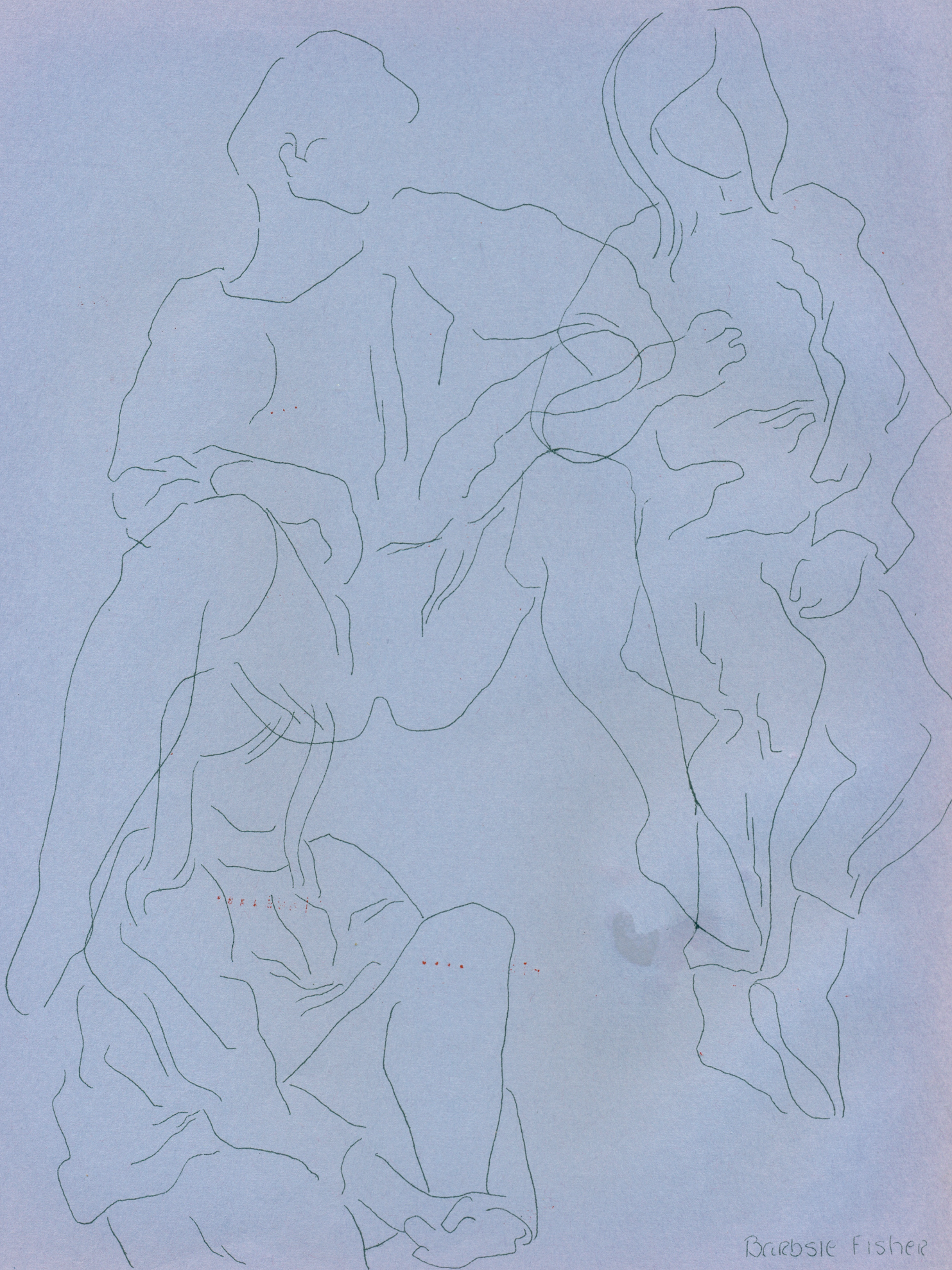
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Doctor	•	Dr. Noah Barysh
Chef	•	Mario (Pete) Petrucelli
Second Cook	•	John Podron
Baker	•	Cris Beyer
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Cleaning Women	•	Mrs. Ruth Edmondd Mrs. Evelyn Howard Mrs. Annetta McAlley Mrs. Victoria Talbot





Donna Fisher





Barbsie Fisher



# We Remember

The Kumquat.....

Mother, please, I'd rather do it myself.....

Buck Rock Coloring Boo.....

Toady Downs....

Soak It.....

Linus.....

Poor Walter.....

74th Annual Kitey Downs...

You don't even know my name...

Salute to Kee-Wah...

Gerbering it up...

Snack for 973 in the weaving shop...

Two cows in search of a pasture...

Phil Naigles' wire-tapping.....

Barbsie...

Poor Walter...

A Great Comedy: St. Joan

Linus....

The Founding Fathers of Frisbee.....



The Hell-Bound Train...

Visitors.....

Dr. Propper's foul home runs....

Cowboy hats.....

The pregnant ladies....

Richard II.....

The CIT outing.....?

Lincoln Kaye as O.D.....

An indignant John Winn...

The sixth gong for second breakfast...

Steve Jochnowitz.....

Where is Alan Hack....?

It's too thin to skate on...

AND A TEAR FOR:

Marilyn Monroe...

The weather....

Simon.....

William Faulkner.....

Wunnerful, Wunnerful

The CIT Revue?



Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst rede.

Geoffrey Chaucer

A word is dead  
When it is said,  
Some say.

I say it just  
Begins to live  
That day.

Emily Dickinson

Polonius: What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet: Words, words, words.

William Shakespeare

Draw your chair up close to the edge of the  
precipice and I'll tell you a story.

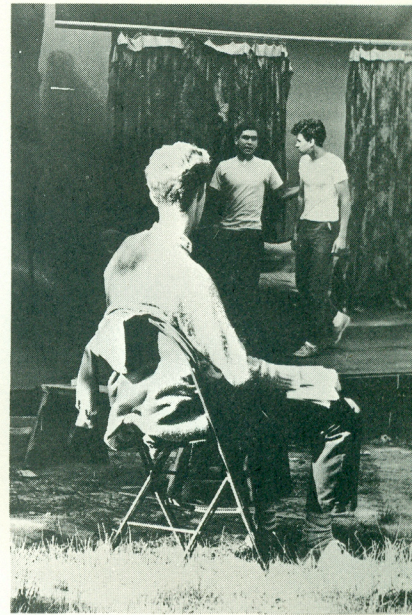
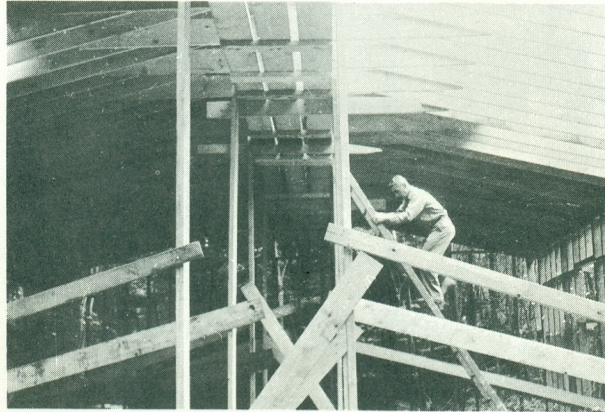
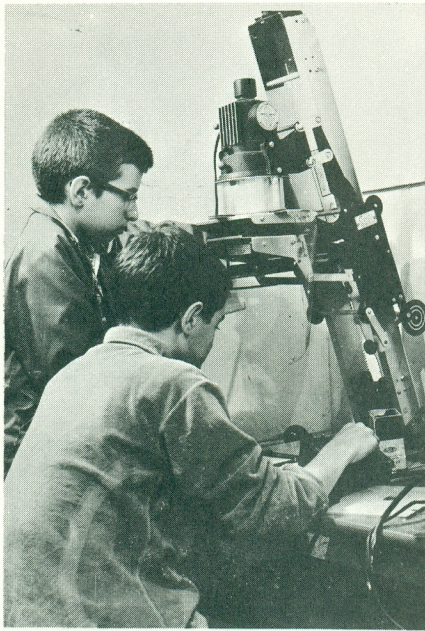
Begin with an individual and you get a type,  
begin with a type and you get nothing.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

To know is nothing at all ;  
To imagine is everything.

Anatole France







# **&?! credits**

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C.C.C.	- Alexander Katz	
Vegetable farm	- Dan Sokol	
Orchestra	- Laurence Kramer	
Tennis Player	- Bob Solomon	
Swimming	- Alexander Katz	clay sculpture of head by Carolyn Zane
Picnic	- Bob Solomon	
Silver Shop	- Laurence Kramer	
Tanglewood	- Bob Solomon	
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Boy Sanding	- Laurence Kramer	
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Penny Gold . pin-silver  
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Margaret Rosenblum . pin-silver . peridot  
Dean Sheppard . silver, ivory, and ebony ring  
Margaret Rosenblum . necklace-forged silver, silver and wood  
Danny Marcus . nametage for french horn  
Karen Bassuk . pendant-silver with pearl  
Bruce Rolland . sculpture-cast lead

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